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VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

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1862.

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A QUARTER OF TWELVE.

BY LE GENTILHOMME BLASE.

CHAPTER I.—F. F. VICISSITUDES.

The forces of the Southern Confederacy—so called because a majority of them were forced into the service—had just won another glorious victory over their disinclination to retreat, and were rapidly following it up, propelled by the National Army. The richest and best blood of the South was profusely running for the cause to which it was devoted, accompanied by those notable possessors in whose case it poured in vein.

Seated at his breakfast-table in the city of Richmond, with his wife for a *vis-a-vis* at a board that might well have groaned for more things than one, and his daughter at his right hand, was Mr. ORDETH, a scion of one of those Virginia Families very properly designated as "First" for the reason that no other Families on earth have ever felt inclined to second them in anything.

Mr. ORDETH was a personage of fiery and chivalrous visage, from the lower circumference of which depended iron-grey whiskers, so similar in shape to the caudal appendage of a mule, that one might suppose nature to have intended the construction of an *asinus domesticus* when first she commenced to mould the mortal material, but, having inadvertently planted the tail at the wrong end, was satisfied to finish him off as a man. His hair was too much of a brush in its own character to agree well with an artificial brush in the objective case; he wore a *robe de chambre* richly illustrated with impossible flowers growing on improbable soil—let us say on holey ground; his nether continuations were spotted here and there with diminutive banners of broadcloth secession, and it was noticeable as he stretched his feet under the table that his slippers had once done duty as crochet watch-cases.

The table spread for the morning meal was peculiarly Virginiatic, being very rich in plate and poor in provender; for hoe-cake and fried Carolina potatoes were the only eatables visible, whilst the usual places of coffee-pot, bread-plate and salt-cellar were supplied with cards inscribed: "Coffee $20 per lb., in consequence of Blockade."—"Flour $24 per bbl."—"Salt $25 per lb." If any member of the Family felt inclined to wish for any of these last articles, he, or she, had but to glance at the card-substitutes to lose instantaneously all appetite for said articles. There was philosophy in this idea, *mon ami*.

"LIBBY," said Mr. ORDETH, addressing his daughter, whose auburn curls and pretty face were none the less attractive because they crowned what seemed to be a troubled fountain of extremely loud calico with a dash of moonlight on top—"LIBBY," said he, "pass me the morning journal."

The morning journal, which had recently augmented its value as a family and commercial sheet by coming out on superior wrapping paper, was passed to her father by LIBBY, she having first satisfied herself, with a sigh of disappointment, that the list of deaths did not contain the name of a single one of her friends.

Woman, *mon ami*, does not regard death as you and I do. To her it is a sleep in which the slumberer himself becomes a dream for the rest of the world; and its announcement is to her the mere evening breeze, that softly lifts another leaf in the sacred Volume of Memory, and lets the starlight, falling through a shower of tears, rest on a name henceforth to live immortal in the heart. I was told this by a young lady who wears spectacles and writes for the Boston press.

As Mr. ORDETH perused the latest news from the seat of war, his bosom heaved to such an extent that one or two of the pins confining the front of his dressing-gown to his throat gave out. "HONORIA," said he, addressing his quiet little wife, who was spasmodically eating, and repairing a rent in her dress simultaneously,—"we have again defeated the hordes of LINCOLN, and I think, my dear, that we had better get ready to leave Richmond. The *Enquirer* says: "Yesterday a half hundred of our troops were attacked near Fredericksburg by nearly forty thousand Yankees, whom they compelled to retreat after them toward this city. We took four hundred prisoners who will be demanded of the enemy immediately, and all of our men, save the messenger bringing the news, are now briskly pushing forward in the direction of Fort Lafayette.' You see, my dear, we always whip them inland. The Yankees gain all their victories on the water."

Which is very true, *mon ami*; for it is as much a fact that the national troops win their triumphs on pure water, as it is that the rebels do *their* best on impure whiskey.

MRS. ORDETH made no verbal reply to her husband's exultations, but assumed that simpering expression of countenance by which ladies are accustomed to denote their amiable willingness to swallow without question whatever the speaker may say.

"Providence is evidently favorable to the South," continued the head of the Family, impressively, "and has thus far treated us in a gentlemanly manner; but should it happen, HONORIA, that the Hessian vandals of LINCOLN *should* reach this city, I myself will be the first to fire all I hold dear, rather than let it fall into the hands of the invader. Yes!" exclaimed Mr. ORDETH with enthusiasm, rising from his chair and moving excitedly toward the door of the apartments,—"with my own hands would I apply the torch to you and to my child."

"O, VICTOR!" said MRS. ORDETH, with tears springing to her eyes, "I reckon you would."

"Aside from the wrongs of the South," continued the inspired ORDETH, pushing his bowie-knife a little further round behind his back, that it might not hurt his hip,—"we have Family losses to avenge. Only yesterday, my uncle was struck at Yorktown with a shell that completely tore his head from his body."

"How perfectly absurd!" ejaculated the hitherto silent LIBBY.

"Why it's actually ridiculous," said MRS. ORDETH.

And so it was, *mon ami*. The sex have a keen perception of the ludicrous.

"How I wish that our vigilants had caught that low-minded Abolition whelp, PETERS," continued the Virginian, grinding his teeth: "but he disappeared so suddenly that day, that I was entirely bewildered. To think that the hound—my cousin's son as he is—should dare to demand payment of a bill from a Southern gentleman! He will find congenial souls among LINCOLN's hordes, I reckon."

The speaker evidently recognized the fact that a man with a bill to collect would derive very little benefit from Southern hoards, at any rate.

A close observer might have noticed that MISS LIBBY's cheeks betrayed the faintest tint of virgin wine at this last speech of her father's; but as it is not my business to inquire the wine wherefore of everything, *mon ami*, I shall say no more about that at present.

While speaking, the paternal ORDETH had placed his hand unconsciously as it were on the knob of the door; and now, with a sudden movement, he opened the door. Or rather, he simply turned the knob; for the door fairly forced itself open against him, and there unexpectedly tumbled half way into the room a somewhat venerable person from Afric's sunny fountains. From the manner in which this colored person fell across the sill, it was evident that he had been upon his knees the instant before.

The ladies uttered little shrieks and then went on with their hoe-cake; but Mr. ORDETH viewed the intruder with a glance of suspicion.

"JOCKO, you black reskel!" said he, in a suppressed manner, "what are you doing here?"

The oppressed African, who, like most slaves was pious, rose to his feet with touching humility, and said he:

"Ise watchin', Mars'r, for de Angel of de Lor'."

"Oh," returned the haughty Virginian, scorning to show how deeply he was affected, "you're watchin' for that, are you?"

"Yes, Mars'r," said the attached slave; "and I hab pray dat my good Mars'r may gib up drinkin' and be one ob de good angels too. Oh, Mars'r ORDETH, I hab wrastle much for you in prayer."

I know not how that slaveholder's heart was affected by this beautiful instance of his humble bondman's devotion; but I do know, *mon ami*, that he reached forth his right hand, seized the chattel by the collar, and was heard to carry on a blasphemous conversation with him for the space of fifteen minutes thereafter, in the hall.

CHAPTER II.—"ROBERT, ROBERT TOI QUE J'AIME."

In a room directly over the one last mentioned—a room whose only furniture was a rude bedstead, a looking-glass with a writing-table under it and a gas-bracket extending half way across it, and a lounge extemporized from three tea-boxes and a quilt—stood Mr. BOB PETERS, aged twenty-three, a bachelor and a fellow man. The time was just twenty-four hours after the scene depicted in my first chapter, and as the rays of the sunny Southern sun poured through a window upon the figure of Mr. BOB PETERS, they revealed an individual who was evidently unable, just then, to make a raise himself.

ROBERT was a tall, smooth-faced, good-natured-looking youth, wearing a coat that buttoned up to his very chin and was painfully shiney at its various angles, corners, and button-holes; a pair of inexpressibles very roomy and equally glossy about the knees; a brace of carpet slippers, and (although indoors) a hat in a "Marie Stuart" condition. That is to say, the style of hat worn thus inappropriately by Mr. BOB PETERS, corresponded to a fashion in vogue with the ladies not long ago, when the latter imagined that a bonnet very much mashed down in front caused each and all of them to present a touching and life-like resemblance to the unfortunate

DISHEARTENING FOR THE MILITARY GENTLEMEN.

Boy.—"O, LOOK A HERE, TOMMY!—HERE'S A COUPLE O' P'LICEMEN BIN AND TOOK UP A LOT O' SOGERS!"

Musico-Ornithological.

The sagacious gentleman who does the musical criticism of *The World*, profoundly observes of a new Polka: "After hearing KELLOGG sing it, a person will never care to hear a thrush, let its notes be ever so silvery; and after listening to PATTI'S effort, the nightingale's song will seem almost harsh and immelodious." To which sensible remarks we have only to add, that after hearing Our Boy whistle it, nobody would give two cents to hear GOTTSCHALK smash three grand pianos; and after hearing A Young Lady of Our Acquaintance play it, nobody would give more than six and a quarter cents to hear the Seventh Symphony. There's criticism for you!

A Big Thing on the Carpet.

The following heading to an item appeared lately in the *Herald*:

"Another Pedestrian Feat on the Tapis—Walk from Washington to Boston in Eight Days"

Now does any one pretend to say that some one is going to walk from Washington to Boston on a carpet? The "feat is on the *tapis*" says the *Herald* man, and we, as guardians of the public credulity, demand a satisfactory explanation as to what the Pedestrian means to do.

WANTED,—100,000 neat and commodious ditches, spacious and well aired, as dying places for high chivalric Confederates. Within a few minutes walk of the Dépot preferred.

Appply to

JEFF. DAVIS.

Somewhere in the neighborhood of Richmond, Va.

Queen of Scots. In fact, this bonnet did really give them just about such a frightened look as they might be supposed to wear should some modern ELIZABETH TUDOR ordered them all to instant execution.

Adding to the consideration of Mr. BOB PETERS's severely straitened costume the fact that he was smoking an incredibly cheap segar, it is reasonable to infer that he was rather hard-up when awake, and not much troubled with soft down when asleep.

Viewing Mr. BOB PETERS financially and judging him by a golden rule, one could see about him considerable that was due unto others, as each of the others was likely to be dun unto him.

"Bless my soul!" soliloquized Mr. BOB PETERS, hastily turning from a long and profound contemplation of himself in the mirror and commencing to pace noiselessly up and down the room, "here's misery! shut up in a garret of one of the First Families, with a chap thirsting for my blood at the head of the domestic circle down stairs, and the whole Confederacy ready to bolt me without salt—which is very dear here just now. Here's a situation for an unmarried man!" exclaimed Mr. BOB PETERS, insanely tearing his "Marie Stuart" from his head and bitterly crunching it in his hand—"confined here a prisoner by the young woman of my affections to save my life from her own father's sanguinary designs. Upon my soul!" groaned Mr. BOB PETERS, drearily slapping his left leg "it is enough to make me take to drinking, and I—"

"Dear BOB!"

Were you ever awakened from a horrid nightmare dream of capital punishment and sudden death, *mon ami*, by the soft persuasive voice of woman calling you to a breakfast of etherial rolls and new-born eggs? If so, you can understand the feelings of Mr. PETERS when these fond words roused him from his terrible reverie.

He spun blithely round on his dexter heel, absorbed the faithful LIBBY to his manly breast, and incontinently kissed for his lips a coating of lustrous bandoline from the head of the fashionable maiden.

"Oh bliss!" ejaculated Mr. BOB PETERS, standing on one foot by way of intensifying the sensation, "my angel visits me in my dungeon, as angels visited other good men in the scriptures."

"Oh BOB, how you do smell of smoke!" said the devoted LIBBY.

"And thanks to your thoughtfulness for the regalias which have so lightened my lonely hours, since the day when you brought me up to this room and then told a virtuous and unsuspecting police that I had fled in the direction of the *aurora borealis*. By the way LIBBY," said Mr. BOB PETERS, thoughtfully, "my segar-lighters are all out, and if you *could* make me a few more out of the rest of those Confederate Treasury Notes—"

"I will, I will," responded Miss ORDETH, lifting first one white shoulder and then the other, as though she would thereby work down her waist more firmly into the belt formed by Mr. PETERS's right arm! "but now, dear BOB, we must think of how you are to be got safely away from this house and out of the city. If my pa should find out that you had been here all this time, when he thought you were running for dear life, he would—I really believe" said Miss LIBBY ORDETH, with increasing eyes, "that he would actually apply the torch to me without waiting for the Yankees!"

Mr. BOB PETERS shuddered and turned pale, barely saving himself from fainting by clasping his companion more tightly and leaning heavily against her lips.

The infatuated girl did not see the face peering in through the half open door behind her, as she continued:—

"*Quarter-past Twelve* is the *hour*, BOB, though I can't say on what night it shall be, yet. You must be all ready to start on any night, and in the meantime our meetings are, if possible,

To Be Continued.

Singular Phenomenon.

We have the authority of a highly intelligent, respectable gentleman who accompanied the French Minister on his visit to Yorktown, for stating that, such was the immense quantity of powder thrown into the river by the rebels, previous to their evacuation of that place, that several gentlemen of the party, while bathing in it, were arrested by our soldiers as vagrant contrabands, and had some difficulty in disembarrassing themselves of the black charge and establishing their identity.

XUM

JEFF. DAVIS AS A HUMORIST.

SCHOOL companions of JEFF. DAVIS—now that he has nearly got all the slack out of his rope—are beginning to rake together their little reminiscences of him as a boy; and particularly with reference to the time when, in the character of a West Pointer, he had not yet branded himself with the opprobrium now attaching to him as a Southern Bloodhound. One tells us what a capital mimic JEFF. was, under the classic shades of West Point birches. This is surprising to us, as we should have thought that birch must have been a scarce article of timber wherever JEFF. got his schooling. He used to imitate beasts, we are told, and with great success, combining with Protean facility the roar of the lion with the bray of the jackass. He does it still. His power of producing facsimiles of the sounds emitted by inanimate objects was also very remarkable. There is a tradition at West Point of his having spun six pounds of flax into thread by his forcible delineation of a spinning-wheel; a trick which he does not seem to have forgotten, if we are to judge by the pertinacity with which he is now occupied in weaving the rope from which he is ultimately to dangle. His imitation of a buck-saw was so perfect, that all the saw-bucks for many miles around would come toddling in as fast as their wooden legs would carry them, and were immediately confiscated by him as contrabands of war. Doesn't he "whistle in the timber" yet, when, with his iron ram at his heels, he bids his wooden ships keep within the bounds of the fold? Another tells us about JEFF. as a *raconteur*, at West Point—a retailer of Western tales and delineator of Western character. There was one story in which he was immense, one character: so immense, indeed, that, as our informant states, he would nightly have been called out between the curtain and the footlights on account of it, only there was no curtain and about the same number of footlights. It was but the rusty old tale of the lion and the old woman, and how the latter—who called herself a Lion Queen, perhaps—used to put her head into the creature's mouth to create a sensation in the family circle, while it was her old man's business to call out to her when the noble animal began to wag his tail, the sure sign that he wasn't going to stand any more nonsense. JEFF. is said to have been very good just at the point where the old man must have been made a disconsolate widower had he not spoken at the critical moment. How the boy JEFF. was father of the man!—DAVIS the Cadet sire of DAVIS the Confederate! And yet, to whittle things to a finer point, we should rather say that the boy was father to the old woman; for JEFFERSON DAVIS, like the Lion Queen of the rusty old story, has got his head into a pretty tight old place—as he will know when it shuts down upon him, with nobody by to tell him when the tail wags.

Sixes and Sevens.

The Richmond Dispatch says: "Six Yankees and Seven Domestic Traitors arrived in this city yesterday;" and our Mathematical Professor proposes the following Problem: "If the Rebels capture Seven of their own men, to Six of ours, when they have captured all their own men, how many will they have left to fight ours?" Handle Slates! Shoulder Pencils! Cypher!

JONATHAN ON MEAN MEN.

We live an' l'arn, they say;—I never knew
T'll lately, wat an all-fired pesky crew
O' *mean men* Uncle Sam hed sprinkled raôund
'Mongst folks that everybody s'posed wooz saôund.

A-leavin' all the Rebels aôut o' the scene,
(An' goodness knows, they're mostly *wus*'n mean!)
Jest p'int your spy-glass almost anywers—
You'll bring up forty o' the sneakin' curs.

There's the *Contractors*, chucklin' to theirselves,
With not a rotton remnant on their shelves:
They've sold aôut clean, an' sold the Government;
An' naôuw they'll swear they hain't laid up a cent.

But wat's a *lie* to *them*?—'F you want to make
A little clean cash, 'thout nary risk, jest take
An' help 'em to *another* losin' thing:
Your little *per cent.* 'll keep you like a king!

By mighty! w'en a man 'll take 'n' skin
His bleedin' pertector, where's your other sin
That holds a candle to 't? Tain't Judas's,—
Besides, you know, he got his pay for *his*

I know *one* so't o' cuss that o't to choke,
W'en the *contractin'* so't git *their* necks broke:
Him that's so tickled w'en we git a blow,
Becuz he'd *prophesied* 'twould turn aôut so!

No matter wat's the loss—loss go to grass!
"I know'd it!" says the stony-hearted ass
An' ef he's ever said, "The Union's gone!"
Then he's for givin' tother dog the bone.

W'en *these* two kinds git well saärved aôut, I hope
The hangman won't refuse a mite o' rope
For them air peddlin', speckilatin' fry
That runs the price o' needful things so high.

A two-cent raise, on truck from furrin shores,
Gits to be *twenty*, in their one-hoss stores;
An' w'en you say then' ain't that difference made,
They ruther guess you dunno much 'baôut trade.

The cuss that specs in man's necessities,
An' makes big profits, in sich times as these,
An' hes to lie in poor men's daôubtin' faces
To help him aôut, is wuss 'n t'other cases.

The cap-sheaf, though, of mean Americans,
Is the blowin' *Congrissman*, that goes an' stan's
Afore the wisdom o' this mighty nation,
Forgittin' all abaôut his lofty station,

An' wut he's paid for doin',—an' jest *jaws*,
Withaôut one mite o' honor in his cause:
Playin' the bully, every naôuw an' then;
Praisin' hisself; abusin' better men;

Givin' the same old plunderin' scheme a boost
That people hoped last year 'ad gone to roost:—
An' here's his masters, waitin' for the cuss,
Hopin' he'll stop, bime-by, an' 'tend to *us!*

A pooty sight, for averige decent folks,
That can't deö nothin' but fret: that's haôuw it chokes!
By next election, everybody knows,
'Twon't make no odds to him, w'at cold wind blows.

P'raps not. But w'en we've finished up this war,
We shan't be jest like wut we wooz afore.
One thing I'm sart'in on, that wa'n't so then,
We shaä'n't be *quite* so easy on *mean men*.

Newspaper Grammar.

We have endured it as long as possible. We shall endure it no longer. The *Tribune* began it by saying "ALDERMANIC," and now the *World*, not to be outdone in barbarism, has added to the wealth of Reporters' English the hideous abomination, "COUNCILMANIC." By and by, we shall be saying of some hero, that his conduct was "MANIC"—of some heroine, that her behaviour was "WOMANIC"—of some MOSE, that he demeaned himself "FIREMANICALLY," and of A 22, that his course was "UNPOLICEMANICAL." Why not say of the *World* that it is "WORLDIC" and "ENQUIRERISH," and of the *Tribune*, that it is "TRIBUNOUS." The schoolmaster evidently has not returned from his travels. He is still abroad.

UNCOMPLIMENTARY, IN A LITERAL SENSE.

Toy Vender.—"HERE YOU ARE, MUM!"

A Sweeping Penalty.

In a letter from Charleston, recently found on board a prize, occurs the following startling passage: "Living is enormously high *corn-brooms* cost $14 a dozen!"

Straitened for food as we know the Rebels to be, we had no idea they were reduced to broom-fodder. That *corn-whisky*, however, has long been the staff of chivalric life, may probably explain the Southern power of drawing sustenance, in some mysterious manner, from *corn-whisks*. We should like to know whether the broom is picked "when the bloom is on the rye," and whether the "new brooms make the cleanest sweep" of the Rebel market, and—constitution.

How Does He Know?

In a fugitive jingle called the "Destined Wife," credited to Mr. COVENTRY PATMORE, we discover the following stunning statement:

> "In all things better than desire,
> His merits in her presence grow,
> To match the promise in her eyes,
> And round her happy footsteps blow
> *The authentic airs of Paradise.*"

Through what Medium did Mr. C. P. get his whiff of Celestial breezes?

Capping the Climax.

JENKS says, that though he feared Senator SUMNER would at length darken his mental vision by exercising it so violently upon the Colored questions of the time, he was not prepared to read, in the Report of the Congressional Proceedings, that the unfortunate Senator from Massachusetts had already gone *Stark* mad.

NON COMPOS MENTIS.

"Mad, Mad, Mad!"

The disasters which have lately befallen the Confederate Arms and legs, are said to have so affected Mr. BEAUREGARD that his friends entertain serious fears concerning his mind.

These apprehensions, we are grieved to learn, are not entirely without grounds, for, ever since the battle at Pittsburg Landing, Mr. BEAUREGARD has been very flighty.

Our esteemed friend Mr. JOHN B. MAGRUDER late of Yorktown, appears to be laboring under a similar draw-back.

A desire for a constant change of scene and climate, is a prominent feature of *his* monomania.

A few sniffs of fresh salt air (say, one or two *per diem* for the next ten years,) taken on the parapet of Fort Warren, would suit JOHN B. MAGRUDER'S complaint.

The insanity of this delirious hero manifests itself most grotesquely.

Finding it altogether too hot for him at Yorktown, now that MCCLELLAN and the warm weather are coming on, he immediately takes up his residence farther down South!

He is evidently insane on the subject of Geography.

Mons. BEAUREGARD *ditto*.

The cases of both these gentlemen—we do not now allude to those elegant metallic caskets which, likely enough, are being prepared for them—excite the deepest commiseration in this community.

We understand that Mr. GEORGE CHRISTY proposes to give a *matinée* at Richmond for their benefit, on the Fourth of July next.

By that time respectable colored "pussuns" will have become so scarce in those precincts, that anything in the shape of a darkey will be refreshingly novel.

Mr. BARNUM has been induced to exhibit his "Happy Family" on this occasion.

In the meanwhile, the observant student of human nature laboring under difficulties, will find food for philosophic reflection in watching the convoluted movements of our eccentric friends, Mons. BEAUREGARD and JOHN B. MAGRUDER.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE FARMER'S CLUB.

(AS REPORTED FOR THE TRIBUNE.)

BARN YARD. SOLON ROBINSON said he had been applied to by a correspondent in Oregon, who wanted to know if pitch-forks were superior to shovels in cleaning barn-yards. His own opinion was, that if you had no shovel you should use a pitch-fork; but he had used both alternately, with good success.

ROTATION CROPS. SOLON ROBINSON said he had received a letter from Minnesota, asking if tomatoes rotated best with turnips or cauliflowers. He had always rotated to suit himself, and should continue to do so.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS. SOLON ROBINSON said that he had a letter from California, enquiring as to the merits of SHARP CUTTER & Co's Patent Back-Action Reaper. He had seen better reapers, and then, again, he had seen worse.

HERDS. SOLON ROBINSON said he had been asked if Long-Horns were a proper breed for Long-Island. He had seen very long horns taken there by farmers, who seemed satisfied with their purchases.

SHEEP. SOLON ROBINSON said he had received a letter from Aroostook, enquiring if turnips for sheep should be sliced. That would depend upon the size of the turnips.

DRESSINGS. SOLON ROBINSON said he thought there was altogether too much talk about carbon in dressings. What you want is a plenty of hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, sulphur and phosphorus. Then throw in your carbon, and the vegetable fibrine will develope. For potatoes he should never use more than one per cent, of phosphorus—say three papers of friction matches to a hill—unless there was a great deal of felspar in the soil. Protoxide of iron was all gammon, except in stiff clay soil. So were alkaline salts. You must rely on your ammonia.

ADJOURNMENT. SOLON ROBINSON moved that the Club do now adjourn. Adjourned.

Dramatic.

BY OUR OWN IRISHMAN.

And isn't she a darlint, that pretty wan at the theayter? But why do they call her Bate Man! shure it's the wimmen she bates intirely.

"I SHALL PUSH THE ENEMY TO THE WALL."

(General McClellan's Dispatch of 4th May.)

SYMPATHY FOR THE EUROPEAN POWERS.

HERE is a great deal of affliction, just now, in the large "Powers" family of Europe, who have been brought to meditate upon the mutability of human affairs by that little one of the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*. In England, all the science of engineering and artillery practice is daily displayed upon fresh plates, like veal kidneys in a restaurant window. Five-inch plates, and *Warrior*-plates, and all sorts of plates as yet invented, are in such demand for experimenting on that the Queen's horses have been instructed to give up wearing iron shoes, and the poor creatures are to go shod with silver to their early graves—for what horse could survive such an insult? The shoes are to be taken to Shoeburyness, and forged into plates for the Artillery Men they are making of it, there, with their new ARMSTRONG gun. Lord PALMERSTON has given up, for a similar purpose, the iron bedstead upon which he has reposed for so many years; and it is confidently expected that Earl RUSSELL will issue instructions to his butler to fork over all the iron ladles and spoons and things used in the servant's hall, and deliver them to the proper authorities for conversion into plates. So absorbing, indeed, is the "plate" question in England, that a Member of Parliament actually enquired in the House, whether the Queen's Plates to be run for at Newmarket and other race-courses during the present year, are not of iron, and if so, whether they should not be withdrawn for the use of ARMSTRONG's gun. In fact, if England's goose were on the point of being cooked at this moment, and all her prospects dished, she could not make a greater row about plates than she is now kicking up.

Nor is France less affected by the *Monitor* shock. Into her soul, also, has the iron entered, deeply. The *Moniteur* is mad with ERICSSON, for pirating its name, and sneers at the idea of his tower being a *tour de force*. Vincennes is now the Shoeburyness of France, and LOUIS NAPOLEON has established an American bowling alley there, in which he occupies himself several hours every day, rolling red-hot 32 lb. shot against various thicknesses of iron plates. This will effect American society in a way but little contemplated by belle and swell. We shall have no ALEXANDRE kid gloves the ensuing summer: JOUVIN will be equally off our hands. And the reason of this is that both of these renowned manufacturers have been retained to furnish gloves exclusively for the use of the Emperor, who wears out 4000 pairs a week in the pursuit just referred to. A separation is now openly spoken of between him and the Empress, on account of a bitter *mot* attributed to the latter, who is reported to have remarked to him that she hoped he would not burn his fingers with his experiments.

An Act of Parliament has lately been passed in England, providing that Pig iron shall be denominated Ram iron, for the future.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MCARONE.

NEAR YORKTOWN, May 14th.

MY DEAR VANITY:—This morning, as I stood before Yorktown, taking a horn and an observation, I was joined in both by General MCCLELLAN. He held the last number of VANITY FAIR in his hand, and pointed jocosely to my letter therein.

"Why ought you to be swamped and bust up at once?" asked he.

"Why, indeed?" asked I.

"Because," asked he, "aren't you a Merry MAC?"

I immediately presented him with a fine old gin-cocktail, vintage of '776, and made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

There was an assault, last night and battery. It was committed by a detachment of the Louisiana Riff-Raffs, upon a regiment of Vermonters. The rowdies were arrested, and as there are numerous witnesses of the assault, they will undoubtedly be made to suffer to the full extent of the law. These disorderly and ruffianly attacks are becoming disgracefully common in this region; and when the grand action takes place, I fear that a man's life will hardly be safe. The Rebels in Yorktown are nearly as bad as the Abolitionists in Congress.

Our few Abolition officers in the Army here, however, are of the greatest service. They entertain most hospitably anything in the shape and color of Contrabands, and their camps are always open to the inspection of any big nigger that thirsts for rum, liberty, or information. A slight difficulty is presented in the fact that most of these Contrabands are servants of officers in the Rebel service, sent over by their masters to learn what they can of our forces, position etc., and as soon as our kind Abolition friends send them off "toward the North Star," they quietly return to the enemy's lines and tell all they have learned.

Still, how much better it is to have an intelligent foe in front of you; who knows all about your movements and strength. The old plan, of keeping your enemy in ignorance, is fast dying out, under the discipline of these warm-hearted colonels who love the Nigger and the Union, six of one and half a dozen of the other.

Better yet; when not engaged in furnishing information to the niggers, the Abolition officers are kind enough to enliven the Army with the most humorous and side-splitting anecdotes. They circulated a funny story, you will remember, a few weeks ago, to the effect that one of our best and most temperate generals was so drunk as to fall from his horse. Those who know General SMITH could but see the magnitude of the joke; but I regret to say that many persons who did not know him actually gave credence to the story, and the result was a serious temporary injury to the reputation of a most worthy officer.

....It seems that some people still believe what Abolitionists say!....

The fools are not all dead yet!

Barring these little inconveniences, I prize my nigger-worshippers highly. They are playful and blood-thirsty at once, and....so far as the enemy is concerned....perfectly harmless.

Send me on some more. Get me the cut-throat editor of the *Tribune*, and, if you can, the man who does the sneaking paragraphs about MCCLELLAN, in the *Evening Post*. They won't fight, I know, but they will make splendid examples for my soldiers to avoid.

As I write, heavy cannonading is Going On....

Heavy cannon are evidently Going Off....

I must go off, too, and see what it means.

Later.—I have taken Yorktown....

Yorktown is Ours!

The Rebel papers said that Yorktown would be a Bitter Pill for me....

Nevertheless, it is a pill I have taken.

At present I am quite sober....

Now the town is taken, however, I intend to go on the biggest kind of a Rantamscoot.

The Rebels have been trenching on my ground. Now, my ground covers their trenches.

I shall re-christen this city, in compliment to your metropolis, I shall call it New York-Town. Probably, I may have it painted up nice, and give it to President LINCOLN. He is really a most deserving young man. Very promising. I predict a noble future for him. It gives me pleasure to speak well of such a man. I would endorse for him. And that is saying a deal.

I am dry.

Word has just been sent me to go at once to Williamsburg. That is on the Chickahominy, and is sometimes called the East District of Brooklyn.

I go. It may be four years, or it may be forever. If I am wounded, I shall lean upon my Staff.

Like crustaceous insects, the Rebels continue to Cast their Shells.

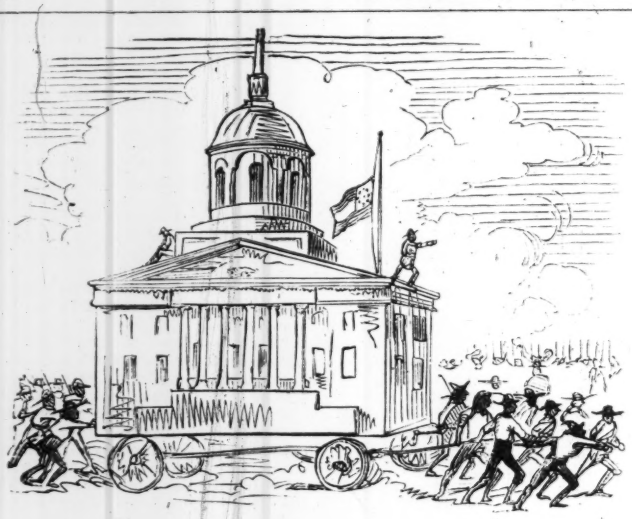
Victory shall now be truly mine, but I am

Truly yours,

MCARONE.

Why Not?

We notice a meeting, last week, of "The Society for Ameliorating the Condition of the Jews"—but why don't we have a "Society for Ameliorating the Condition of the Jewed?" That is the question which "One Who Buys His Clothes in Chatham Street," asks us to propound.



THE REBEL CAPITOL ON THE MOVE.

Contributors to Barnum's Dog Show.

The Senior Editor of the *Herald* sends a rough Scotch Terrier, answering to the name of "FIB."

Mr. HORACE GREELEY contributes a black African Poodle, named "SAMBO."

The Editors of the Religious Papers have clubbed together, and send a number of Prayery Dogs.

Mr. JOHN B. GOUGH contributes a Cold Water Dog.

Mr. HACKLEY, Street Contractor, sends a Dirty Dog.

The Aldermen and Common Council have not yet decided which of their number to send.

Mr. LESTER WALLACK sends a Good-looking Dog.

The Editor of the *Evening Post* exhibits a Pug.

Judge BARNARD goes himself, to look after the newspaper "vermin."

Intelligence: for Practical Builders Only.

We learn that the pious and highly respectable "Freedman's Relief Association" are "putting up a great number of buildings" at Port Royal. Now what a thundering lot of Canting Dogs they must use, hey?

TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN WHO ARE PREPARING FOR COMMENCEMENT DAY.

VANITY FAIR, as the Conservator of Sound Learning and Promoter of Classical Acquirements in America, remembers that the Commencement Days are drawing nigh; and with its usual benevolence, it is desirous of giving an impetus to potent but puzzled Seniors, in search of a subject for Oration, Dissertation, Essay or Conference. We beg permission to subjoin the following list of topics, which we have carefully compiled, after an attendance upon more Commencements than we shall ever be fools enough to attend again. Any A. B. about To Be, will see the propriety of selecting one of these Thrilling Themes, most of which are silly enough to pass muster with the silliest Professor of Rhetoric.

I. FOR A CLASSICAL ORATION. EPAMINONDAS and THUCYDIDES in their relations to the Punic War, as compared with HARMODIUS and ARISTOGITON.

II. FOR A HISTORICAL ORATION. The Battle of Marathon, and how MILTIADES felt after he was Through With It.

III. FOR A PHILOSOPHICAL ORATION. The Stuck-Eichen-Dummer-Junger-Kleinbocker of IMMANUEL KANT in its influence upon WALT. WHITMAN.

IV. FOR A MATHEMATICAL ORATION. The Calculus of Army-Contracts as involving an Unknown Quantity of Profit.

V. FOR A SCIENTIFIC ORATION. The Velocity of Propulsion as affected by a Series of Chromatic Glasses.

VI. FOR A PHILOLOGICAL ORATION. English Grammar and the Messages of President LINCOLN.

VII. FOR AN AGRICULTURAL ORATION. PHALON'S Anti-Dandruff as a Top-Dressing.

VIII. FOR A POEM. The Loves of the Editors.

IX. FOR A CRITICAL ORATION. The superiority of VANITY FAIR to ARISTOPHANES.

X. FOR A SURGICAL ORATION. The Influence of Brudder Bones upon the Nerves of Cachinnation.

XI. FOR AN ANTIQUARIAN ORATION. The Age of the Editor of the *Herald*.

XII. FOR A MEDICAL ORATION. The Use of Hemp in Rebellious and Stiff Necked Cases.

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

℅ We have 500,000 other subjects all as good as the above. Charge per Subject, One Shilling; and no Stamps or Confederate Money received.

Comfortable though Conquered.

The Petersburg (Va.) *Express* wants to see an Invasion of the North so that "while the Yankees are taking our cities, we will be sweeping theirs." Speaking only for New York, we can say that if the Rebels succeed in sweeping it, they will do more than any contractor has yet been able to do, and will be entitled to the thanks of a defeated but no longer dirty community.

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

The Rebellion Record: Part XVI. New York. G. P. PUTNAM.

Prefixed to this number of the *Record*, we have a portrait of Captain WILKES, U. S. N., and one of Lieut. GREBLE, of the army, both very well executed steel engravings. The *Companion to the Rebellion Record*, also published by Mr. PUTNAM, is embellished with excellent portraits of the Hon. CHAS. SUMNER and the Hon. JOSEPH HOLT.

Agnes of Sorrento: By Mrs. H. B. STOWE. *Boston:* TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

A story of sunny—and daughtery—Italy, already made popular to a large reading public in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The volume is very elegantly brought out by Messrs. TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

The Pearl of Orr's Island: By Mrs. H. B. STOWE. *Boston:* TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

Yankee life and character are here depicted with that graphic, homely force which has brought so much grist to the mill of Mrs. H. B. STOWE. We refrain from an obvious but brilliant pun, springing from the word "stowage." The book is an exact *pendant* to the above-mentioned one by the same authoress.

Portrait of General Burnside: H. A. BROWN: 35 *Winter Street: Boston.*

This beautifully executed steel engraving is uniform in size and style with those of General MCCLELLAN and Governor SPRAGUE, already issued by the same publisher. It is engraved in line and stipple—which latter words remind us that a capital quip might be made by any person reckless enough to do it, by saying that although Gen. BURNSIDE belongs to the line, he is not likely to Stipple-ate with the enemy unless on terms favorable to himself and the Federal Government.

Another Richmond in the Field.

The London Correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* says that "The Life of the late Duke of Richmond," a book just published, is full of "racy anecdotes" of leading men.

Considering that the late Duke of Richmond was the owner of Goodwood Park, we are not surprised to hear that there are a good many Racy anecdotes to be found in his biography.

BARNARD'S VINDICTIVE

VERMIN POWDER,

Disgusts all respectable persons. It kills and exterminates Editors, Reporters, and other insects, but is nourishing to inhuman beings and the lower animals generally. Look out for spurious imitations. None is genuine without the signature of G. G. BARNARD.

BARNARD'S Powder worse nor fifty cats is:
Reporters from it runs, it gives 'em ratses.

A regular sell everywhere. Depot in the Supreme Court.

THE FLIGHT OF THE CHIEFS.

A STORY OF YORKTOWN.

I.

ONG within the citadel,
Swearing as they did in Flanders,
Saying—"this is very well,"
Sat and talked the grim commanders:
"No erratic shot nor shell,
Fraught with ruin, this way wanders?"

II.

But beyond the leaguered walls—
Ever drawing nigh and nigher—
Came the mortars, with the balls,
Came the cannon, breathing fire,
Came the murderous hail that falls
With a red-hot-iron ire.

III.

Said the rebel chieftains three,—
That is, JOHNSON, LEE, and DAVIS—
"Thus with Southrons to make free,
Very badly to behave is!
Let us therefore quickly see
Which the way our skin to save is!"

IV.

Quoth the stalwart JOHNSON then—
"Clear it is as muddy water,
If we wait those armèd men
There will certainly be slaughter.
I'm a worthy citizen,
And I say we hadn't orter."

V.

Quoth the noble DAVIS—"Hear!
What a mine of wisdom this is!
Doth he not indeed appear
Sapient as the old ULYSSES?
Lo, a heart unknown to fear!
Lo, a fire that never misses!"

VI.

Up then spoke the doughty LEE—
"'Tis the way, if you'll but take it.
Emulate the busy bee,
And a busy bee-line make it;
And instanter, for you see,
As to Yorktown, they will rake it."

VII.

"Cowards! is it thus ye say!"
So in wrath roared old MAGRUDER—
"Will ye tamely run away
From the blasted, damned intruder?
This, with very fearful bray,
This he said, and more, and ruder.

VIII.

Then the three, in calm disdain,
Each upon the other winking,
Sighed, and said, "It's very plain
Old MAGRUDER has been drinking.
He will sing another strain
When he's sobered back to thinking."

IX.

So the valiant chieftains all—
Valiant chiefly where the slave is—
Seeing that the cannon ball
Rougher is than song of mavis,
Left the rampart, ditch, and wall—
LEE—MAGRUDER—JOHNSON—DAVIS!

"BETWEEN YOU AND ME AND THE POST."

Meeting the Lightning Calculator in the street, a day or two since, we asked him to what extent our income would be reduced, supposing we were obliged to buy the Evening *Post*, at three cents a number, six times a week. He immediately answered, "eighteen pence," a result so startling to us that, for a moment, we saw nothing but mendicancy in our dim prospective. Rallying after a while, however, we persuaded ourselves that it might have been worse. It might have been a tax of twenty-one pence a week upon our pocket, had it been so ordained that the Evening *Post* should be published upon Sunday, as well as upon the work-days of the week. This we are spared. *Gaudeamus.*

We love the *Post.* It has long been a weakness of ours to adore the *Post*, and to exchange with it; and we should like to have the larrupping of the sloppy puler who said that he never saw the *Post* but once, and then at a great distance, and that he thought it was a Pump. We looked for our usual exchange *Post* last Tuesday evening; but, although the shades of night came punctually with their usual promptitude and dispatch, the *Post* didn't come at all. Morning dawned upon our haggard and wilted form, as we continued to howl perseveringly for our exchange *Post:* and then, lo! wallowing in the wake of beautiful morn, like a dirt-barge in tow of some cygnet-like walker of the waters, dawned upon us the homely truth that the *Post had cut off its exchange!* Was it for this that we revived airy memories of the aquatic poetry of the *Post?* Was it for this that we employed a yoke of our strongest artists to draw one duck, for the purpose of illustrating the aquatic poetry of the *Post?* May we enquire whether it could possibly have been for this that we reserved all our punkiest little squibs, and crackers, and bomb-bombs, and 500 lb. comical shells for the *Post*, when it used to dip its finger in its own duck-puddle, and smear unseemly blotches with it on the clean record of General MCCLELLAN? Was it?

Ho! clothier man of the Rue Chatham, fetch sack-cloth and cloth yard-shaft, and measure us mournfully for a suit of woe! Ho! ash-box emptier of the Plaza Tompkins, bring embers for the top-dressing of our dishevelled head! Ho! PORPHYROGENITUS, page who trimmest our sanctuary lamp, and pourest the coal-black wine of wit (sold at five cents the small bottle, retail price) into the lordly standish that towereth upon our desk, gently sloping to the West—ho, there! cut off your buttons and button-holes, and wear your tight roundabout jacket wrong-side out for thirty days and a span. Ho! fair young type-setters, who featly turn these words into metal and mystic "sticks," don't go off into fits and wrong founts of type when you learn that the *Evening Post* declines exchanging any further compliments with VANITY FAIR. Don't do it, now—mind you don't!

There!—we feel better now, thank you.

How are *you, Evening Post?*

To whom it may Concern.

Foundlings, unlike dumplings, are sometimes hard nuts to crack. We picked up in an omnibus, a day or two since, a document bearing *primâ facie* evidence of its being intended for the London *Morning Herald.* It contains an elaborate description of a shirt of mail just completed for President LINCOLN, with a condensed report of a pun made by that gentleman upon the garment in question, in connection with the word Link. The writer states that President LINCOLN inaugurated his new shirt by putting it on in secret caucus, and causing all his cabinet ministers to discharge navy revolvers at him across a table. The bruised and flattened bullets fell into singular forms. A dozen of them representing a perfect miniature tea service have been preserved, and are to be sent as a present to the infantile heir of the Emperor of the French. The document further states that arrangements have been made by the President for testing himself, with his new shirt on, against Parrot guns, short range.

Should the above mentioned document happen to be the property of MANHATTAN, the New York correspondent of the London *Herald*, that voracious, if not veracious writer can obtain it at the office of VANITY FAIR, on proving property and paying charges.

(Advertisement)

INFORMATION WANTED.—Of a Major-General, calling himself JOHN C. FREMONT. When last heard from, he was appointed to the Mountain Department. This was many weeks ago, and since then, although several of his subordinates have rendered a good account of themselves, no news, good, bad, or indifferent, has been received of JOHN. Fearing that he has been foully dealt with, or that he has been dealing foully with somebody, the undersigned will gladly receive any information that may be addressed to UNCLE SAM.